



**we'll conspire
(as we dream by
the fire) or
every little thing**

honeysuckleLove

we'll conspire (as we dream by the fire) or every little thing he does is magic by honeysuckleLove

Category: IT (2017)

Genre: Christmas in New York, M/M, Masturbation, Sex, band member!richie, christmas!!!!!!!!!!!!, department store attendant!eddie, eddie loves christmas, kinda explicit, maine slang bc other fics are devoid of them, mike is ace

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Sonia Kaspbrak, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Bill Denbrough/Eddie Kaspbrak

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Summary:

eddie just wants to have a good christmas. richie wants to kiss someone under the mistletoe. richie wants their plans to coincide.

titles from winter wonderland and the police's 'every little thing she does is magic'
the christmas fic nobody wanted ;)

we'll conspire (as we dream by the fire) or every little thing he does is magic

Author's Note:

title of chapter from neon trees '1983'

this chapter is sorta explicit so be forewarned. no underage sex in this fic though

also it's a damn shame 'it' fics don't use more maine slang words

eddie loves the feel of new york at christmastime. he practically drinks in the silver hues of the skyscrapers, and he gets shivers when he sees the christmas tree at rockefeller center being lit up. it's really the best time of year, way better than the summer heat when you can fry an egg on the sidewalk, or the spring when the sewers overflow and bring up the garbage onto the street. the only time it ever comes close to winter is in the fall, with the slowly cooling temperatures and the beautiful fall colors.

unfortunately, it's november 23rd. thanksgiving. eddie likes thanksgiving well enough, but it means screaming crowds at the department store he works at on black friday and his mother visiting from maine only to criticize his cooking and say she doesn't like the dark green shades of his apartment's paint. eddie is so glad it's too cold for his mother to travel in december, otherwise she would ruin christmas too.

so here he stands, leaning against the wall, in the cologne department, on thanksgiving. it's kind of depressing, all the expensive bottles filled with amber colored liquid, and the single thirty-something guys trying to attract females. he can be grateful for the empty department store today.

a green tinted voice wakes him up. “hey, babe? think ya could help me pick out a cologne?” eddie jumps up and puts on his ‘you-want-to-buy-this’ smile. it’s only when he sees the boy in front of him that he does a double-take.

a halo of umber colored curls surround his pale face with dustings of freckles like cinnamon. his eyes look like chocolate, and his *teeth* . they’re wondrously, delightfully crooked. he wears a leather jacket and black jeans.

eddie snaps back to reality, and he realizes that the tall, emerald tinted handsome customer called him babe. the beautiful customer called him babe.

so eddie does what he knows best. he puts up walls.

“i’d prefer it if you don’t call me babe.” eddie says coolly, trying to ignore the fact that the customer’s eyes are traveling all over his body. “can i know what scent you’re going for?”

“yeah,” the customer hesitates for a moment. “the scent of you in my bed.”

eddie rolls his eyes inwardly, but puts on his customer smile again. “i’ve seen a lot of guys trying to get dates, but none of them have been so desperate as to hit on me. can i interest you in this new scent by givenchy? it smells like pines!” now it’s eddie’s turn to hesitate. “i’m sure that’s what i would smell like in your bed.”

the customer breaks out into a grin. “the cologne attendant gets off

on a good one! tell me, o wise cologne god, what is thy name?"

"none of thy business," says eddie. "do you want the pine cologne or not? i have a turkey to cook."

eddie doesn't think the customer's smile can get any wider, but it does. "yeah, i'll take it. and i'll be coming back to get your number." he pulls out a credit card, and eddie swipes it, and packages the cologne. he almost writes his number on the receipt, because let's be honest: eddie wants to hook up with the customer, but his personality is so repelling that it deters him from writing it.

the customer takes the bag with a winning smile so beautiful eddie almost (almost) melts. eddie tries to smile back, but it probably ends up looking like a grimace. "i'll be back, beautiful cologne attendant."

eddie waits until the customer is out of sight, and then he slumps down. thanksgiving is the most trying holiday.

sonia kaspbrak steps into her son's apartment, with a look that could kill. "eddie-bear, take my bag to your bedroom. mommy is tired of holding it," she says with a saccharinely sweet voice that rots eddie's teeth. eddie does so quickly, and when he gets back to the living room, she's still standing in the middle.

"can i get you something to drink, mommy?" as he puts on his 'i-

don't-want-to-get-in-trouble' smile.

“some bottled water in your cleanest glass, eddie-bear. i hope you haven't been drinking the tap water here. it's very dangerous for your health,” she replies. eddie fills the glass with a poland spring bottle and hands it to her. sonia picks up the glass with her index finger and thumb, and brings it to her eye to inspect it. “good god, eddie-kins, is that what you call your cleanest glass? you're lucky you're not legally obliged to live with me anymore.”

eddie smiles harder. “bound. legally bound,” he mutters under his breath as he takes out another glass and washes it by hand.

later that night, when his mother has gone to sleep (he removed all his posters and changed the bedding for her), eddie sneaks into the bathroom and closes his eyes. he wants to imagine what the emerald hued customer would look like without clothes. he thinks he would have, oh, just a dusting of cinnamon freckles on each shoulder. and his limbs are gangly, but not stick thin. and in the sack, eddie can't even put it into words.

eddie imagines himself moaning chocolate eyes' name over and over as he shivers with pleasure. the hickies that the customer would give him would look terrible with with eddie's unnaturally tan skin, but he'd flaunt them still. and then the customer would moan eddie's name too.

that thought brings eddie to the most pleasure he's had since he was

14 and started jerking off. he's not proud that a customer hitting on him in the cologne department would make him come, but jerking off in and of itself is shameful. he stands up and gets ready to clean himself off.

eddie tells his friend bev over the phone about the customer when his mom leaves. they're both smoking weed together. ("i'm thankful for weed after a long day at work," was the first thing she said when eddie picked up the phone.) it loosens their tongues, and makes it easier to smile

"anyway, so this super fucking hot guy walks into the store and wakes me up from my perpetual slumber," eddie drawls (the weed brings out his maine accent, which he tries so hard to hide when he's sober). "he calls me babe and says he wants the scent of me in his bed. i'm tellin' ya, he was mad sexy." bev makes an audible gasp.

"get outta heea," she says (bev is also from maine). eddie nods even though she can't see it, and takes another hit.

"i'm tellin' ya," eddie repeats. he doesn't mention that he jerked off to the customer.

Author's Note:

bitch i have no experiences with cologne or jerking off (with a dick) so don't @ me